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## HARRY WILD: OR THE SOLDIER'S PROGRESS.

Now Maurice, said Uncle Oliver, you shall have the whole history of Harry Wild, and if you learn nothing from it, the fault will be your own.

Harry Wild was a wilful young fellow, and he would go to the fair with bad companions, though his mother, who was a widow, with tears in her eyes, begged him to stay at home.

Harry went with his comrades into a public-house and drank some beer; one glass followed another, till he grew tipsy, and was ready for any thing, good or evil.

Harry met with a recruiting sergeant, who was dressed in his gay soldier's clothes. The sergeant told him he was a fine spirited young fellow, and would look noble in a soldier's uniform.

Harry listened to the sergeant, who, among other things, told him that if he enlisted, he would live like a gentleman, have little or nothing to do, and would soon be made a corporal.

Harry was foolish enough, though he had a trade in his fingers, to enlist; a shilling was put into his hand, a bunch of red and blue ribbons stuck on his hat, and away he went to the public house with the sergeant to spend the shilling. His mother's heart was half broken.

Harry was sworn in before a magistrate, and received his bounty-money. He treated the sergeant freely, because he promised to be a friend to him, so his bounty-money melted away like butter in the sun.

Harry in a little time was sent to drill, that he might learn his exercise. His money being all spent, he could not treat the drill-sergeant, so he got ordered about strangely, and caned on the knuckles in a manner that he never expected. He repented then of having enlisted as a soldier.

Harry had his soldier's uniform given to him, but though it looked very fine, it did not feel very comfortable. The stock round his neck half throttled him, and his cap was so heavy that it made his head ache terribly.

Harry found a soldier's life very different from what the sergeant said it was. What with his exercise, and mounting guard, and keeping his musket and accoutrements in order, he had no time to spare, and there was little likelihood of his being made a corporal.

Harry was sent abroad; for the country was at war then, and he began to know what hardship was. He had to march many miles a day, carrying his heavy musket, bayonet, cartridge-box, canteen, knapsack and great coat; and instead of lying on a feather-bed, as he had been used to do, he often stretched himself on the ground, where he lay, his limbs numbed, and shaking with the cold.

Harry, at times, knew what it was to be so hungry that he could have eaten raw meat, and so thirsty, that ditch-water would have been a treat to him; but he could get neither the one nor the other. Heartily did he repent having enlisted for a soldier.

Harry went into battle, where his heart sadly failed him, and he wished himself safe back in Old England. It was awful work when the musketry began to rattle, and the cannons to roar, for the men fell as standing corn falls before the reaper's sickle. How few of them were prepared to die!

Harry heard, between times, when the roar of the battle was not so loud, and when the drum and the trumpet were still, the cries and the groans of the wounded: they were fearful. The battle, however, was won; a town was taken, and the soldiers pillaged the poor defenceless inhabitants, and drank, and revelled, and committed all kinds of disorder.

Harry got worse and worse in his habits, and his heart grew harder, though he could not help, now and then, thinking of his widowed mother, who was then, alas! sorrowing for her scapegrace of a son. Harry, at last got wounded in a charge; a shot splintered his right arm at the same moment that a bayonet passed through his shoulder.

Harry had his shattered arm taken off in the hospital, but the wound in his shoulder never would heal; and when he was sent home, he found that his poor mother had died of a broken heart. Bitterly did he repent having enlisted for a soldier!

Harry might have prospered had he feared God, and followed good ways; but, instead of that, he had neglected his Bible, despised the counsels of his mother, and left an honest employment to enlist as a soldier; and the consequences were, he had lost his arm, he was tormented with a wound that could not be cured, he had no friend in the world, and was looked upon by all as an idle, worthless, good-for-nothing vagabond.

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#### REBUKE OF THE WAR-SYSTEM BY THE SECULAR PRESS.

The following editorial remarks, taken from the *Boston Courier*, are an indignant, but well-merited rebuke of the war-system. We take the liberty of slightly altering the editor's caption, so as to turn his indignation against the custom of which he gives a specimen, rather than against *British* politicians in particular.

“**MORALITY OF WAR.**—It was the opinion of a practical statesman and sound moralist of antiquity [*vide Cicero de Officiis*] that public policy should rest upon the same basis with private morals; and to our common-sense apprehensions, the principle is equally clear. We never could understand why the immorality and wrong-doing which in an individual case would bring an individual to the gallows, should, when practised on a larger scale, exalt a nation to glory. We were never more forcibly struck with this reflection, than in reading the account of the late ‘brilliant exploit’ of the British fleet in the bombardment and destruction of St. Jean d’Acre. A few passages of the description are so ‘graphic and interesting,’ to copy the language of the English newspapers, that we cannot avoid giving them a moment’s attention.

‘At half past four o’clock (how shall I describe this), as if by one consent, all firing ceased, and O, heavens! what a sight! The whole town appeared as if it was in the air; so awfully grand a sight no one can describe. We saw nothing but one dense cloud extending thousand of yards into the air and on all sides, and then we felt an awful shock, which gave the line of battle ships a heel of two degrees, so that you may judge, from the moment of the explosion, all firing from the town ceased. I think we should never have taken it but for the explosion, which was caused by one of our shells bursting in their main magazine of powder, by which, to speak within bounds, two THOUSAND SOULS WERE BLOWN TO ATOMS, besides beasts of burden of every description.